

On the DEATH of His EXCELLENCE

GENERAL DALZIEL

O F

B I N N S,

One of the Members of His MAJESTIES most Honourable
Privy Council.

A Funeral Elegie.

THOU Child of Sin and Fate, who only can
Measure the true Dimensions of a Man,
Who with impartial and triumphant Wings
O'retakes the poor mans Flight as well as Kings,
And with thy Martial All-controuling Drum,
Beats a cold March to the Eternal Home,
Tyrant o'r tyrants, who, with Fatal Force,
Betwixt the Soul and Body makes Divorce.
No more thy *Trophies* boast, thou here must yield,
Here's on thou could not Conquer in the Field,
Who, spite of all the Forces him withstood,
Has div'd for Honour in a Sea of Blood.
Who, wheresoe'er he Fought, or Seige did lay,
Honour and Conquest did their wings display.
Whose Heart by night nor day did ever feel
A cowards damps, or sleep in sheets of Steel.
That Soul of Chivalrie, which no delight
Could weaken, or the face of Death affright,
The Great *DALZIEL*, who with undazled eyes,
Affronted all the Flames from Steel could rise.
Just like the generous *Eagle* dare oppose,
The proudest light that ever in Heaven arose.
His Actions all were Generous, and Free,
And did no Interest own, but Loyaltie.
He lov'd not Wars for Wars, nor Strife for Strife,
Not Prodigal, nor Nigard of his Life,
He did not loftly spare himself, but then
He did exact the like of other men.
For of his Generous, and Martial Heart,
Courage and Judgement had their equal part,
He was the *Genius* of the Camp, yet knew,
When to Retire, and when his Foes pursue,
He knew all Order of tumultuous War,
Ranks, Files, March, Counter-march, to make a *Squad*,
And from a *Squad*, to raise a *Diamond*,
And all Battalies ever yet were found.
How to Encamp, Entrench, and any part
Where Nature fails, to Fortifie by Art:
How to Defend, or to assault a Town,
And Courtings, Bulwarks, Plat-forms to beat down.
He knew no treacherous Arts, nor cheating Charms,
But masculin-Courage, and the Laws of Arms,
With these he made his Souldiers well train'd Men,
With these he brought them on, and off again.
It was by those, he to his latest Breath,
In every War, Conquest Propound, or Death,
Like a Majestick General, by those,
He sold his Souldiers Lives dear to their Foes.
By his Example every minor Band,
Did take new Force from his Heroick Hand;

Souldier inspired Souldier; Foot, the Horse;
But he them both, *so great's a Generals Force*.
Who by his Valour, made it understood,
An ounce of Honour's worth a pound of Blood,
His never daunted Courage undervalu'd
The iron salutation of a Bullet.
Therefore some grovling cowards low-pitcht eye,
That could not reach triumphant honors Skie,
What their affrighted sense could not behold,
Without being dazled, yet to carp were bold.
But he at home, abroad, and in all parts,
His Blade imbrew'd in Rivers Sprung from Hearts.
Yet with such Moderation that he made
It clear; *War was for Physick not for Trade*.
In *Ireland*, and in *Musco*, and at Home,
Like *Hercules* he Monsters overcome.
In all which Interprizes we might see
His Counsel, Courage, Generositie.
He knew when to be harsh, when to be mild,
And did esteem each Souldier as his Child.
And train'd them so, which Care was not in vain,
They as their Father Reverenc'd him again,
And with the *Prophet* did him thus bewail,
Horse-men and Chariots of our Israel.
But now being Enfranchis'd, and at large
From all our Wars, Death seals him a Discharge.
He with the Souls above and *Hierarchie*,
Has Valour turned into Extasie,
Where till the Earth and all its *Trophies* lie
A scattered Heap, and Time it self shall die.
He shall live unallarm'd with the blast
Of any other Trumpet but the last.

Invictissimi Ducis Thomæ Dalzelli EPITAPHIUM.

*Non potes exiguo claudi Dalzelle Sepulchro,
Tam brevis ingentem non capit Urna virum.
Te Duce Monstra jacent Patria teterrima, cum nil
Restaret, superi scandis in astra poli.*

N. P.

Niniani Patersoni ad Amicos Patentes.

*Ille ego ingentem expertus solator, acerbis
Illi premor ipsis malis! lacrimis! atque labore! ruius!
Omnibus exhaustus jam cassis, omnium equis
Defectis; audientibus manus fontemque quere
Fulcris (ad summa) meis. Nunc tempus amici
Ridderi opem, immortis vultusque excolere curis.*